

the crooked little turns of a third. Yet the bulletin survives and receives with as much equanimity the notice which is jammed on with a long sharp pin or four little tacks, as that which is evenly glued to the surface, and makes no more remonstrance when it is approached by the business-like step of the newly-appointed convener of some committee, than when it quietly and swiftly is adorned with a request for the return of some notebook or hat-pin, "lost, strayed or stolen."

Could we do without our bulletin board? Could we do without our boarding houses, our eight o'clock classes, or our JOURNAL! College would not be college without it.

We enter college, the bulletin board is new to us. We pass through college—it is our friend. We finish college and it is very hard to say good-bye. And in after years when college is but a memory, it has a distinct place in our mind's picture; and fresh as the remembrance of the owl-window in Convocation Hall, the narrow board walk through the campus, or our own particular locker, is that of the bulletin board, silently bearing those past tokens of our old college life.

CORRIDOR CULLINGS.

9. A. M. (The victim rushes into the girls' sanctum).—"Girls, I'm done, I'm done!"

Chorus.—"Who did you? When? Which arm? Did it hurt? Did you feel it at all? How long did it take? Wait till next week! Did you faint away? &c., &c."

And after she had answered some eighty-seven odd questions, and listened to any amount of "experiences," and missed her ten o'clock class, and talked herself hoarse, she decides that the pain in her head is rather more prominent than the pain in her left arm.

Professors really shouldn't look so aggressively benign at this season. It isn't in good form. But then small boys in Æsop smiled all the time they stoned the poor doomed frogs. After all, it isn't "death" to all of us. The ones who don't pull through are "pulled."

This is the season of hard work and bankruptcy, when the student thinks fondly of the halcyon days in the fall, when he had no particular bother and a comely bank account.

Science.

(With apologies to "Century Magazine.")

Master of the Ginger Heart!
Only art like your own art—
Bitter, cutting, acid-phrased,—
Could praise you as you should be praised.
Many a man that you have bit,
Waits a chance to place a hit.
Only seniors, thank the Lord,
They no longer can be scored!
Second, third, and first year men
Fear to answer back again.
Still there's danger in the air,
Master Ginger have a care!
Who monkeyed with the gas-meter?

It was *not* a freshman who enquired of B-k-r if he were studying *Physiographical Chemistry*!!

An Unworldly Divinity strayed last week into Science Hall and was taken captive by G-rv-n, who led him upstairs to show him the sights. During the inspection of the mineralogical cabinets, G-rv-n picked up a crystal of chalcedony (or something to that effect), and asked the Theologian if he could guess what it was.

"No," said the Good Young Man, "I cannot."

"Well," remarked G-rv-n, "it is something that you have, no doubt, often mentioned in your sermons."

"Oh! I see," quickly ejaculated he of the Spiritual Tendencies, "it is Brimstone!"

And then the Drinks were on G-rv-n.

The library of the Mining School has been increased during the last year by the addition of geological and other government reports, mainly from the Federal Government of the United States, and from the governments of a large number of individual States of the Union.

One of the most important departments of increase has, however, been that of periodical literature. The increase has been very largely due to the courtesy of the editors and publishers of the various journals and papers, who have in many cases supplied their publications